KITCHEN SINK COMIX
FLESH
CRAWLERS
Mature Readers
No.3 (of 3)
$2.50
$3.50 Can.
INHUMANS KIND

FLESH CRAWLERS

WRITER
Richard Rainey

ARTIST
Michael Dubisch

LETTERING
Charles Suter

PUBLISHER
Denis Kitchen

ART DIRECTOR
Tamara Sibert

DESIGN
Lisa Stone

EDITOR
Philip Amara

VP, DEPUTY PUBLISHER
Judith Hansen

VP, PRODUCTION
Jim Kitchen

SALES DIRECTOR
Jamie Riehle

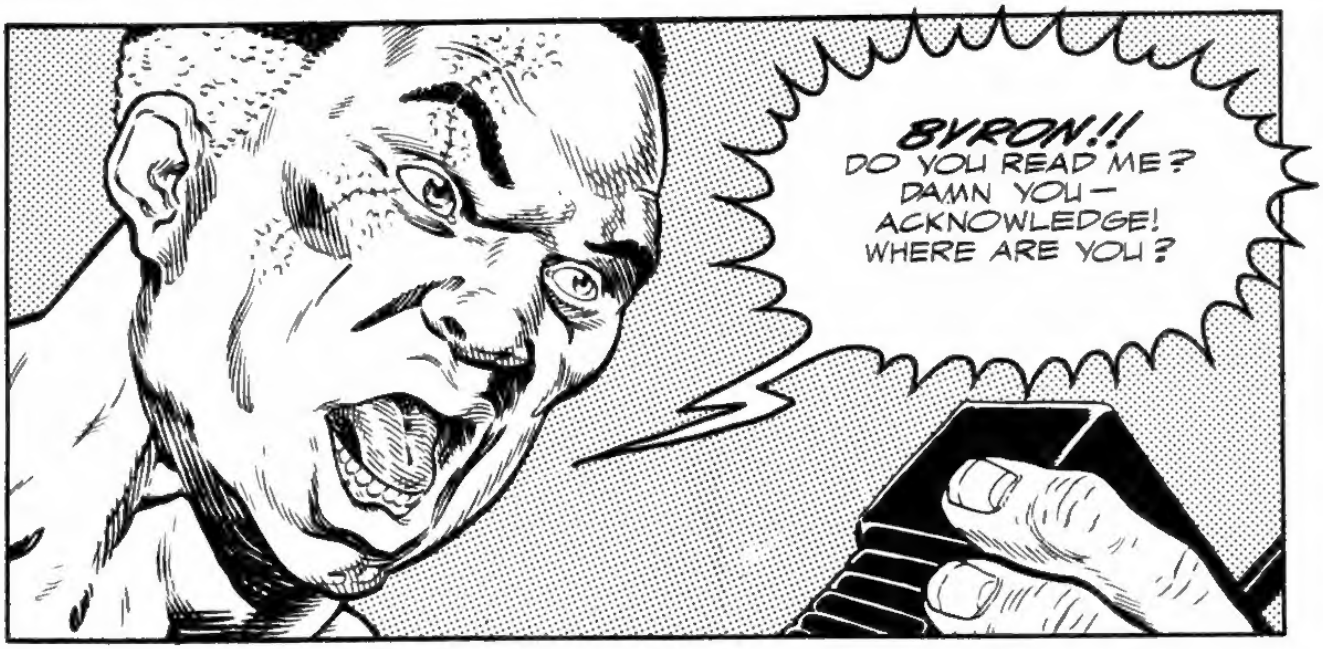
Flesh Crawlers #3 © 1995 Richard Rainey and Michael Dubisch. Kitchen Sink is a registered trademark of Kitchen Sink Press, Inc. All rights reserved. Published by Kitchen Sink Press, Inc., 320 Riverside Drive, Northampton, MA 01060. The stories, characters, and incidents portrayed in this publication are entirely fictional. No actual persons, living or dead, are intended to be depicted, nor should be inferred. No reproduction is allowed without the consent of the publisher. First Printing: February 1995. 5 4 3 2 1

Printed in Canada

For a FREE catalog of hundreds of comics and related merchandise, write to the above address or call 1-800-365-SINK (7465).

THE MISSION IS ABORTED! WE ARE MOVING OUT.

MAJOR STRAUSS IS DEAD. THE ENTIRE TEAM'S BEEN WIPED OUT. I WANT EVERY TRUCK OUT OF HERE. RIGHT NOW!


BYRON!! DO YOU READ ME? DAMN YOU— ACKNOWLEDGE! WHERE ARE YOU?

WHAT'S GOING ON MAJOR? WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR RE-INFORCEMENTS?
THEY'RE GONE, SON...
...IT'S JUST US.
WE FOUND THE NEST. LET'S REPORT BACK TO STRAUSS. WE'LL TAKE SAMPLES LATER.
NO WAY, MAN...

YOU ALRIGHT SOLDIER?
I AIN'T COMIN' BACK HERE.
YOU WANT SAMPLES, LET'S TAKE 'EM NOW.
NO, DON'T!!
AAAAAAAA

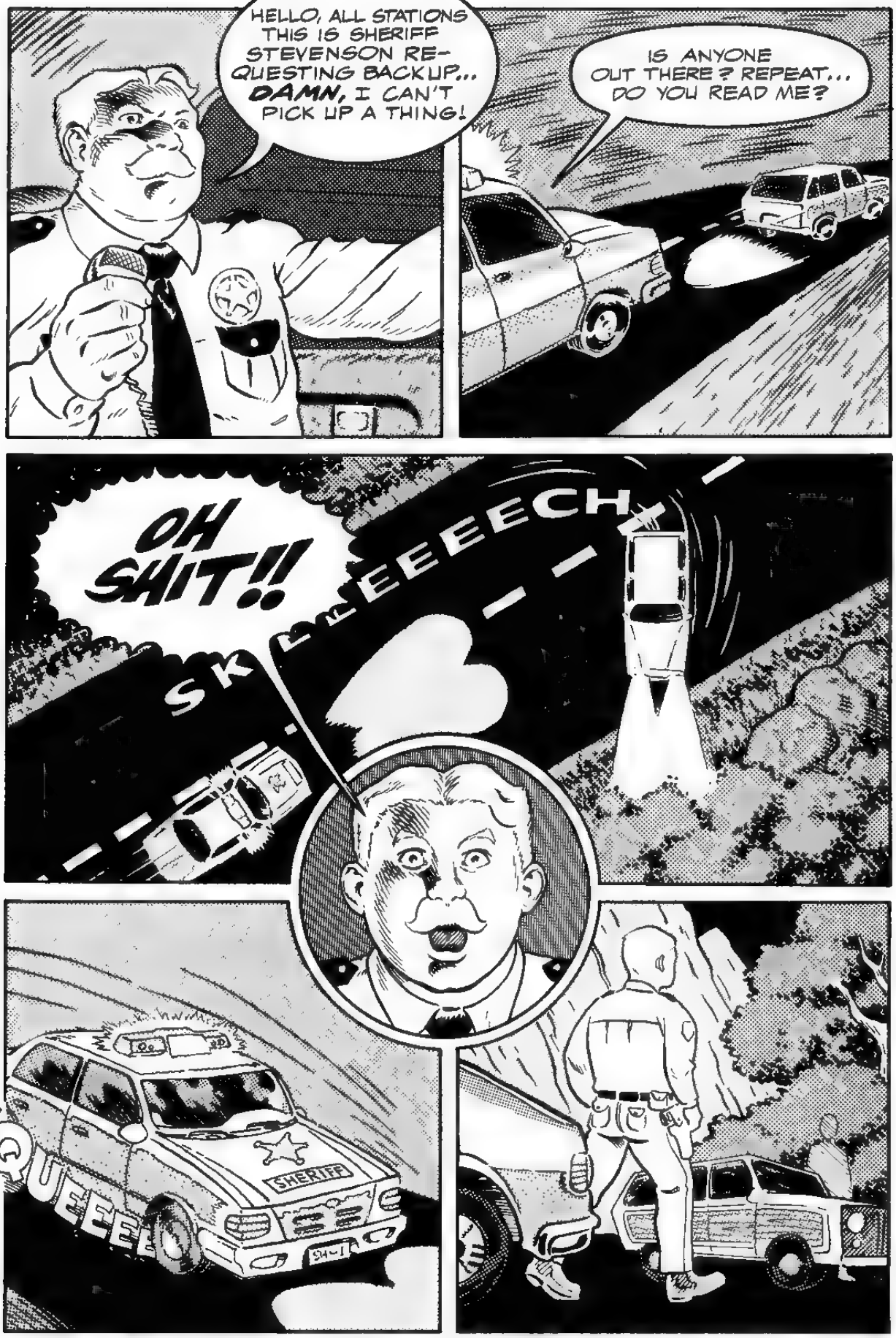
HOLY SHIT!!
NOTHING WE CAN DO, WILK.
HE'S GONE.
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE. SOMETHING TELLS ME STRAUSS IS GONNA BE HAPPY TO SEE US.
MITCHELL!!

LOOKS LIKE THIS IS IT, STRAUSS...
END OF THE LINE.
MAJOR!!
GLAD TO SEE YOU, WILK...

GLAD TO SEE ANYBODY.
WHAT HAPPENED, MAJOR? WHERE ARE THE REINFORCEMENTS?
BYRON PULLED 'EM OUT. ALL THE TRUCKS ARE GONE.
THAT'S CRAZY!!
LOOKS LIKE BYRON AIN'T BYRON ANYMORE. IT'S TIME WE FOUND OUT WHAT HE IS!!

IN OTHER BELLECOUR NEWS, FORMER TV STARLET VANESSA COLT IS ATTRACTING MORE ATTENTION THAN THE STORY SHE CAME HERE TO COVER. THE ONE-TIME SEX SYMBOL CLAIMS SHE'S HAD INTIMATE ENCOUNTERS WITH AMOROUS ALIENS.
LIKE OTHER INVESTIGATORS, I'VE EXPERIENCED MY SHARE OF "STRANGE PHENOMENON," BUT I ALONE HAVE UNCOVERED HARD EVIDENCE OF THE ALIEN PRESENCE BEHIND THE SO-CALLED MIRACLES...
...AS VIEWERS OF MY UPCOMING SYNDICATED NATIONAL REPORTER SPECIAL CAN SEE...
DAMMIT! WHATEVER'S HAPPENING HERE HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH VANESSA COLT'S HORNY SPACE BROTHER...
CALM DOWN, TERRY, BEFORE YOU BUST YOUR STITCHES.
I CAN'T CALM DOWN TILL I TELL THE SHERIFF WHAT HAPPENED DOWN THERE. TRY DISPATCH AGAIN.
MAYBE WE SHOULD WAIT UNTIL YOU CAN TALK FACE TO FACE. IT'LL BE EASIER FOR HIM TO BELIEVE...
HOW ABOUT YOU? YOU SAW WHAT RIPPED ME UP DOWN THERE.
TERRY, I JUST SAW ALOT OF BLOOD WHEN YOU CAME OUT OF THE WATER. I KNOW YOU THINK YOU SAW SOME SORT OF SHIP...

NEVER MIND. JUST GET ME DISPATCH.
I'M SORRY, DEPUTY WARFIELD, BUT THE SHERIFF'S RADIO STILL SEEMS TO BE MAL-FUNCTIONING. NOTHING'S GETTING THROUGH.
TRY CONTACTING HIM AGAIN, WILL YOU. HE'S GOT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED.
OH, HE KNOWS. HE CALLED IN EARLIER WHILE THE DOC WAS PATCHING YOU UP. HE SAID HE'LL STOP BY AT THE END OF HIS SHIFT.
OKAY, BUT IF HE CALLS...
YOU'LL BE THE FIRST TO KNOW.
GIVE IT UP, TERRY. LET THE SEDATIVES DO THEIR WORK. YOU'VE GOT TO REST, GOT TO HEAL.
GOT TO WARN... ...THE SHERIFF...
DOES ANYONE READ ME? THIS IS SHERIFF STEVENSON. I AM PURSUING A VEHICLE THAT TRIED TO RUN ME OFF THE ROAD SEVERAL MILES BACK...
SHERIFF


HELLO, ALL STATIONS THIS IS SHERIFF STEVENSON REQUESTING BACKUP... DAMN, I CAN'T PICK UP A THING!
IS ANYONE OUT THERE? REPEAT... DO YOU READ ME?
OH SHIT!!
SKREEEEECH
SQUEEEE
SHERIFF

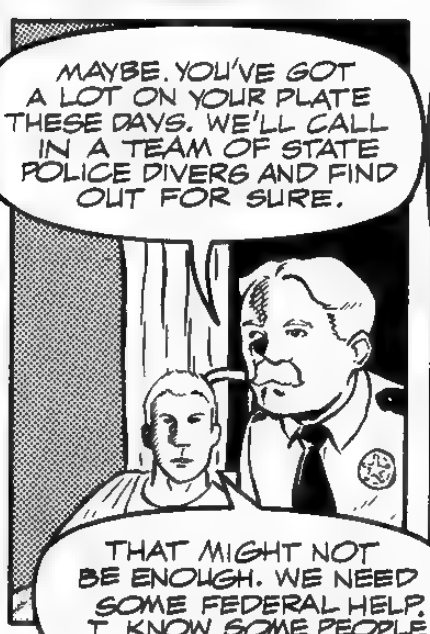
YOU GOT A REASON FOR ALMOST KILLING ME BACK THERE?
MY PASSENGERS NEED YOUR HELP. YOU MUST SAVE THEM.
WHAT?
BELLECOUR LAKE SHERIFF
MY PASSENGERS, THEY'RE IN THE BACK. THEY NEED YOUR HELP.
I'LL HELP THEM IF I CAN. BUT YOU STILL NEED TO ANSWER FOR WHAT YOU DID.
ALL YOUR QUESTIONS WILL SOON BE ANSWERED.
WHAT THE...

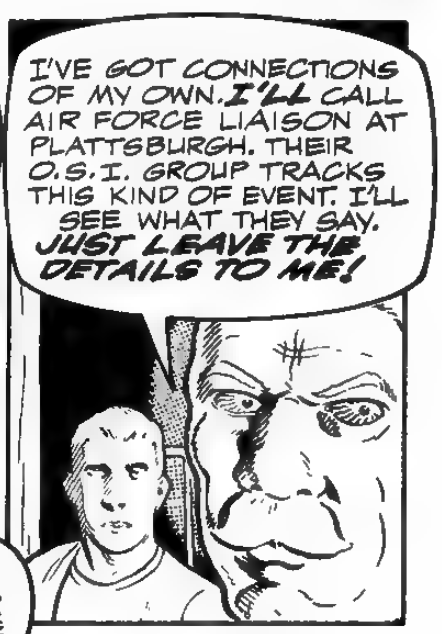
...HELL?

TERRY? HEARD YOU'RE OKAY.
MNNNNN... SHERIFF?

I ALSO HEARD YOU HAD SOMETHING URGENT TO SAY.
THANK GOD YOU MADE IT. THERE'S SO MUCH I'VE GOT TO TELL YOU.
TELL IT...

LATER...
THAT IS ONE HELL OF A TALE.
THERE WAS A SHIP. YOU THINK I'M SEEING THINGS?

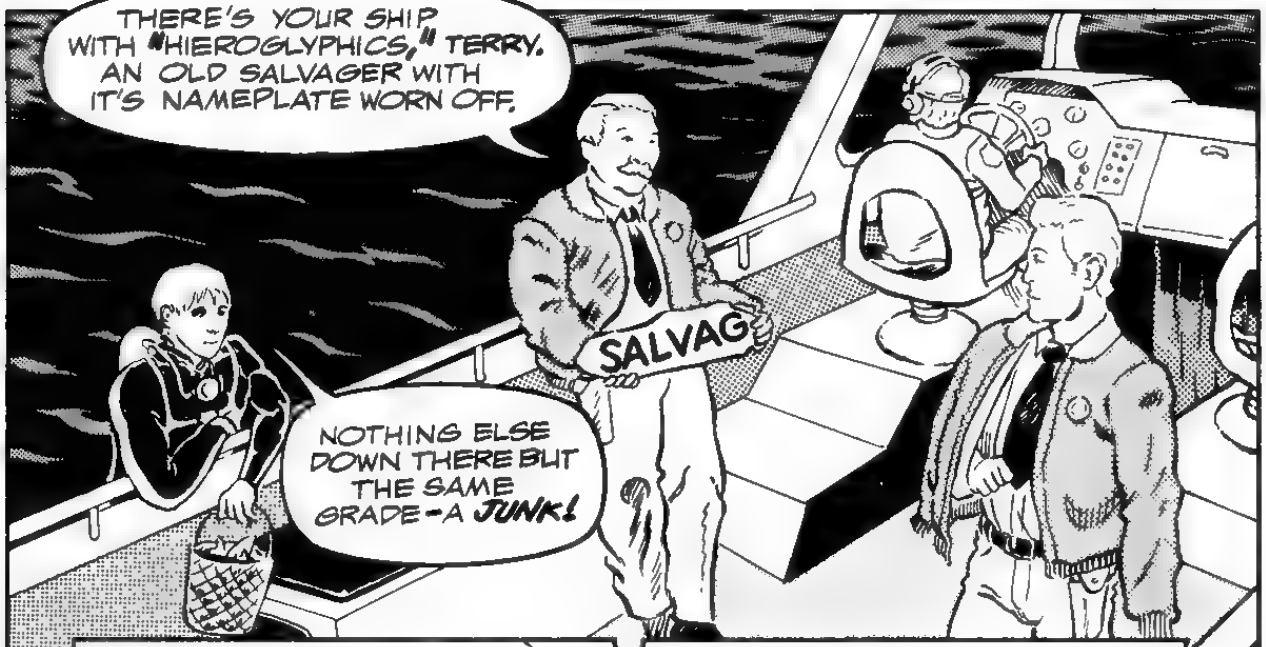

MAYBE. YOU'VE GOT A LOT ON YOUR PLATE THESE DAYS. WE'LL CALL IN A TEAM OF STATE POLICE DIVERS AND FIND OUT FOR SURE.
THAT MIGHT NOT BE ENOUGH. WE NEED SOME FEDERAL HELP. I KNOW SOME PEOPLE I CAN CALL.

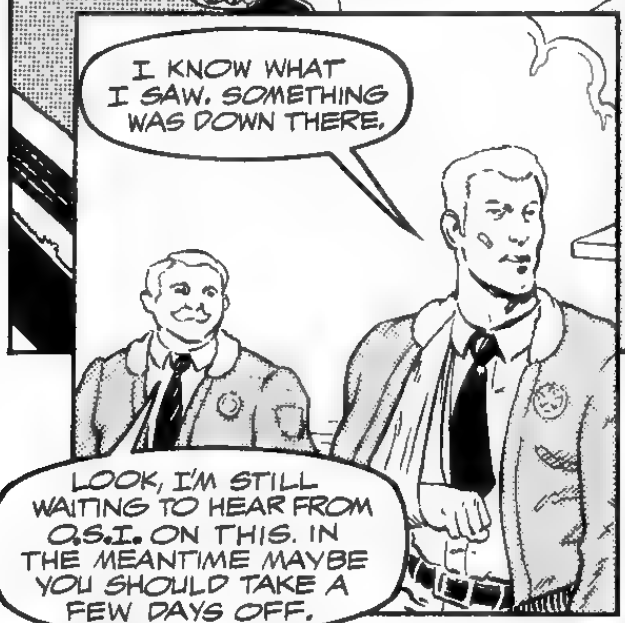

I'VE GOT CONNECTIONS OF MY OWN. I'LL CALL AIR FORCE LIAISON AT PLATTSBURGH. THEIR O.S.I. GROUP TRACKS THIS KIND OF EVENT. I'LL SEE WHAT THEY SAY. JUST LEAVE THE DETAILS TO ME!

THE ADIRONDACK NORTHWAY
C'MON, SOMEONE MUST BE HEADING FOR BELLECOUR. IT'S ONLY FIFTEEN MILES FROM HERE.
BELLECOUR
ALLRIIIIGHT!!
WHERE YOU HEADING?
BELLECOUR. HOP IN, WE'LL TAKE YOU.
GO ON BACK GRAB A SEAT.
THANKS.

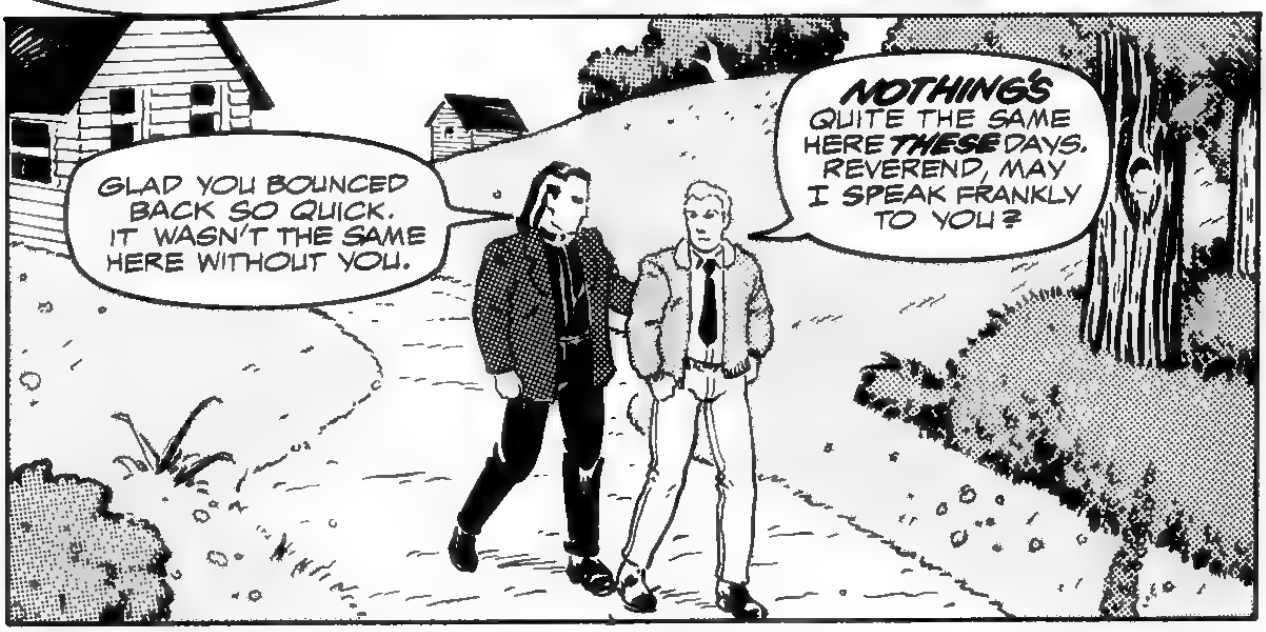
UH... HELLO.
WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM? HEY, ARE YOU ALRIGHT?
NOW I AM...

AAAIEE
EE
BELLECOUR
LAKE
NEXT EXIT


THERE'S YOUR SHIP WITH "HIEROGLYPHICS," TERRY. AN OLD SALVAGER WITH IT'S NAMEPLATE WORN OFF.
SALVAG
NOTHING ELSE DOWN THERE BUT THE SAME GRADE-A JUNK!


I KNOW WHAT I SAW. SOMETHING WAS DOWN THERE.
LOOK, I'M STILL WAITING TO HEAR FROM O.S.I. ON THIS. IN THE MEANTIME MAYBE YOU SHOULD TAKE A FEW DAYS OFF.

YOU KIDDING? I'M BACK ON DUTY A.S.A.P. WITH ALL THESE PEOPLE POURING INTO TOWN YOU NEED HELP. SO DOES THE REVEREND.


GLAD YOU BOUNCED BACK SO QUICK. IT WASN'T THE SAME HERE WITHOUT YOU.
NOTHING'S QUITE THE SAME HERE THESE DAYS. REVEREND, MAY I SPEAK FRANKLY TO YOU?

OF COURSE, TERRY, WHAT IS IT? HAS THIS GOT TO DO WITH ROARKE?
THERE'S SOMETHING GOING ON HERE, BUT ROARKE IS ONLY PART OF IT. THOSE THINGS I SAW IN THE LAKE, THE SHIP, ALL THESE PEOPLE COMING HERE, EVEN VANESSA COLT...
I DON'T UNDERSTAND, TERRY. WHAT DO YOU THINK IS GOING ON?
I'M NOT SURE. BUT... I'VE KNOWN SHERIFF STEVENSON FOR EIGHT YEARS. WHEN I SAW HIM TODAY, I FELT SURE HE WAS... A DIFFERENT PERSON.
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. I'VE NOTICED PEOPLE WHO'VE BEEN COMING HERE FOR YEARS NOW SEEM... CHANGED. I CAN'T TELL THEM FROM THE NEWCOMERS, AND THE WAY THEY ALL GATHER AROUND ROARKE – I'M NOT SURE THEY'RE MY FLOCK OR HIS ANYMORE.
DO YOU WANT ME TO CONFRONT HIM?
NO. HE'S MY CROSS TO BEAR. BUT THESE OTHER THINGS...
I THINK I KNOW WHAT I HAVE TO DO. MAY I USE YOUR PHONE?
YES, I'M SURE HE CALLED THE LIAISON OFFICE ABOUT THE INCIDENT AT BELLECOUR. WE'RE WAITING FOR A RESPONSE FROM O.S.I.
I'M SORRY, WE HAVE NO RECORD OF A SHERIFF STEVENSON. MAYBE IT WAS ANOTHER BASE.

I KNEW IT. HE NEVER CALLED.
TERRY! REVEREND CASSIDY SAID I'D FIND YOU HERE.
PERSONAL AND CONFIDENTIAL
TO: Commander Landry
Navy Special Warfare Group
WINFIELD
I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU. WHAT'S THAT?
JUST GETTING IN TOUCH WITH SOME OLD FRIENDS.
I JUST HOPE IT'S NOT TOO LATE!

THE MAJOR- I THOUGHT HE WAS DEAD!
STICK WITH ME, GENTLEMEN. WE GOT SOME SERIOUS INTERROGATION COMING UP.
WHO?
SOMEONE WHO COMPROMISED OUR SECURITY.
FIGURE IT OUT. WE PICK UP STRANGE SIGNALS THAT CAUSE A RASH OF FLESH CRAWLER SIGHTINGS. WE'RE DECOYED TO THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE, EXPECTING TO FIND A NEST. INSTEAD WE FIND A SMALL ARMY WAITING FOR US.
ARE YOU SAYING WE'VE BEEN INFILTRATED AGAIN, MAJOR?
HOW COULD A CRAWLER GET PAST BYRON'S SECURITY CHECKS?
GOOD QUESTION. BYRON ALSO CONTROLS THE DATA THAT DETERMINES OUR PRIORITY TARGETS... LET'S GO TALK TO HIM.
FM
A FEW QUESTIONS, DR. BYRON.
MAJOR!

I THINK WE HAVE AN IMPOSTER AMONG US.
A FLESH CRAWLER? HERE?
RIGHT HERE. SOMEONE WHO BEAT OUR A.C.D.A. DETECTION GEAR.
WE COULDN'T CAPTURE ONE IN THE FIELD BUT I THINK WE CAN CATCH THIS ONE... TURN HIM INTO A COLLABORATOR.
AND WHY WOULD IT DO THAT?
TO LIVE, MAYBE.
YOU'RE TAKING QUITE A CHANCE IF YOU THINK I'M THE IMPOSTER!!
I'M GIVING YOU A CHANCE-GENTLEMEN!! TAKE OUT HIS LEGS!!
AAAAHG

HOLD YOUR FIRE, BOYS. HE'S NEUTRALIZED... FOR THE MOMENT.
WAIT--I'LL TALKKK!!!
WHAT ARE YOU? AND WHY DID YOU COME HERE?
FM
WE ARE THE RULING SPECIES IN THIS GALAXY AND MANY OTHERS. OUR SHIP CRASHLANDED ON A SCIENCE MISSION TO STUDY YOU AND YOUR PLANET. WE HAVE GROWN AND MULTIPLIED HERE. NOW WE ARE BEING RESCUED.

RESCUED?
THE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC SIGNAL BEACON, CALLING MY BRETHREN FROM THE DEPTHS OF YOUR SOCIETY. THE RESCUE SHIP CONTAINS THE TECHNOLOGY TO REDUCE US TO THE SIZE OF OUR YOUNG WHILE LEAVING OUR FULL POWERS INTACT. IN THAT FORM OUR ENTIRE EARTHLY POPULATION CAN FIT ABOARD THE RESCUE SHIP.
BUT AS FOR ME STRAUSS...I HAVE MY OWN MISSION. ELIMINATE FORCE MAJEURE AND...
DESTROY YOU!!

OMIGOD! WHAT HAPPENED?
MAN'S GONE THROUGH SOME CHANGES. NOW WHAT'VE WE'VE GOT HERE?
AIR COURIER FROM H.Q. FORWARDED FROM THE NAVY SPECIAL WARFARE GROUP. COMMANDER LANDRY FELT IT MAY BE RELATED TO OUR MISSION.
BRING IT INSIDE. LET'S TAKE A LOOK.
RUN A BACKTRACE ON DR. BYRON'S KEYBOARDS. SEE IF HE DELETED ANY FILES FROM THE ANOMALY TRACKING SYSTEM. THEN GET ME EVERYTHING ON...
"...BELLECOUR, N.Y. AND THIS DEPUTY WARFIELD. HE USED TO BE WITH THE NAVY SEALS..."
BELLECOUR HOSPITAL
WELL? HOW'S IT FEEL?
GREAT NOT TO BE IN THAT SLING ANYMORE!!
IN FACT, I HEALED SO FAST I'M STARTING TO QUESTION WHETHER IT EVEN...

HAPPENED!?
DON'T TURN AROUND, DEPUTY. IF YOU DO I WILL FIRE. SO WILL A FOUR MAN KILL TEAM ZEROED IN ON YOU AND YOUR GAL HERE.
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?
YOUR LETTER TO COMMANDER LANDRY ASKED IF ANY AGENCY TRACKED PHENOMENA LIKE THIS LAZARUS FELLOW AND THE ALIEN MARKINGS YOU FOUND. THERE IS. WE'RE HERE. AND WE NEED YOUR HELP. IT WILL ALL BE EXPLAINED TO YOU AS SOON...
"...AS YOU PASS THIS LITTLE TEST OF OURS."
NOW WHAT? YOU GIVE US A DECODER RING?
NOW WE THANK YOU FOR YOUR COOPERATION AND ADVISE YOU TO GET OUT OF TOWN WHILE YOU STILL CAN.
WE CAN'T LEAVE! MY PARENTS ARE STILL AT THE RETREAT.

QUESTION IS—ARE THEY STILL YOUR PARENTS? WE'RE GOING IN THERE TO FIND OUT, RIGHT AFTER WE CUT THEIR POWER. ANYONE WHO ISN'T REVEALED AS ONE OF THEM GETS A CHANCE TO WALK AWAY... SAME AS YOU.
I'M GOING BACK IN. THE REVEREND NEEDS TO BE WARNED. HE'LL KNOW WHO'S STILL HUMAN.
IT'S YOUR LIFE, DEPUTY. WE DON'T HAVE THE MANPOWER TO BABY-SIT ANYONE. BUT BE ADVISED THAT ANY CIVILIAN FOUND IN THAT ZONE IS A POTENTIAL TARGET TO US... AND TO THEM.
REVEREND! WE HAVE TO TALK.
TERRY! WHAT'S THIS ABOUT?
YOU NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE. THEY'RE GONNA CUT THE POWER. GATHER YOUR FOLLOWERS AND LEAVE THE RETREAT.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, TERRY. WHO'S GOING TO CUT THE POWER?
NO TIME TO EXPLAIN. GATHER YOUR PEOPLE AND GET THEM OUT.
HOLD YOUR POSITION TILL THE CHOPPERS SOFTEN THEM UP WITH THE BZ GAS. THEN WE'LL MOVE IN.
LISTEN CAREFULLY. THE POWER IS OUT. EVERYONE MUST STAY TOGETHER AND FOLLOW ME.

FOR THE SAKE OF YOUR IMMORTAL SOULS, I'M ASKING YOU TO LEAVE THIS CURSED PLACE. GO TO THE VILLAGE...
NO! DON'T LISTEN TO HIM!!
LISTEN TO ME. GOD HAS WITHDRAWN HIS SPONSORSHIP FROM THIS FALSE PROPHET. THE RAPTURE IS AT HAND. THE PERSECUTORS ARE UPON US!
LET THE EXODUS BEGIN. FOLLOW ME DOWN TO THE WATERS FOR THE FINAL BAPTISM.
HE'LL POSSESS YOU IF YOU GO WITH HIM. BODY AND SOUL. HE'S NOT HUMAN ANYMORE – I'LL SHOW YOU.
AND FOLLOW HIM TO HELL. HE'S NOT SAVED. HE'S POSSESSED.
SHOW THEM PRIEST...

SHOW THEM HOW TO DIE!!
I HAVE ANOINTED MYSELF WITH OIL.
I'M PREPARED TO MEET THE LORD.
RETURN TO HELL, DEVIL!!

THIS IS DELTA ONE REPORTING TO RED LEADER...

EVERYTHING IS UNDER CONTROL.

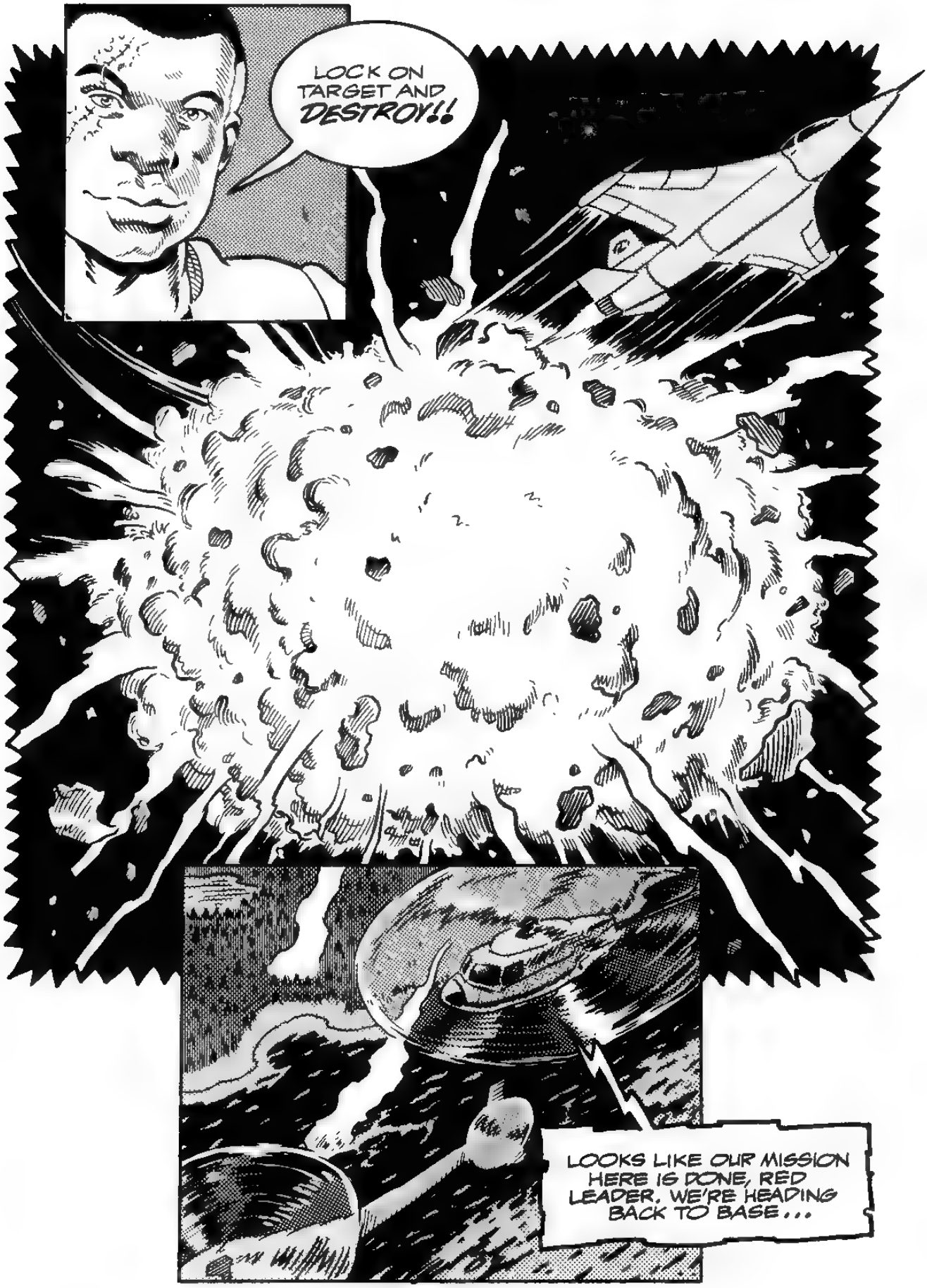
CAROL, THE REVEREND IS DEAD!
MY PARENTS! WHERE ARE THEY? HAS ANYONE SEEN THEM?

I SAW THEM, CAROL...

I'LL TAKE YOU TO THEM...

WARFIELD– GET DOWN!!

RED LEADER, THIS IS ALPHA FOUR. WE HAVE A POSITIVE SIGHTING. THE SHIP HAS EMERGED.
LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE LEAVING WITHOUT THEIR FRIENDS AT THE CAMP.

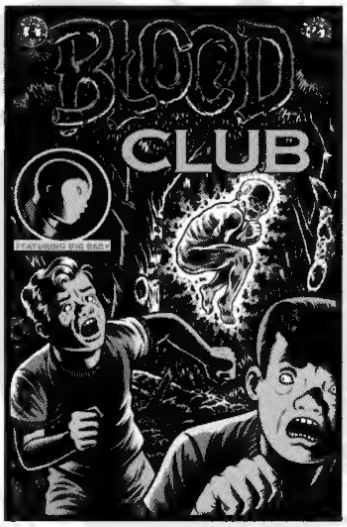

LOCK ON TARGET AND DESTROY!!
LOOKS LIKE OUR MISSION HERE IS DONE, RED LEADER. WE'RE HEADING BACK TO BASE...

THINK WE GOT THEM ALL, MAJOR? IT SEEMED SOMEHOW... TOO EASY.
I DON'T KNOW, WILK. HARD TO TELL WITH FLESH CRAWLERS!
BUT I DO KNOW ONE THING. BEFORE WE LEAVE THIS PLACE...
...WE BETTER DO SOME DAMN SERIOUS FISHING!
END?

FOR A BLOODCURDLING, FLESH-CRAWLING, SPINE-TINGLING GOOD TIME!

BLOOD CLUB

BY CHARLES BURNS

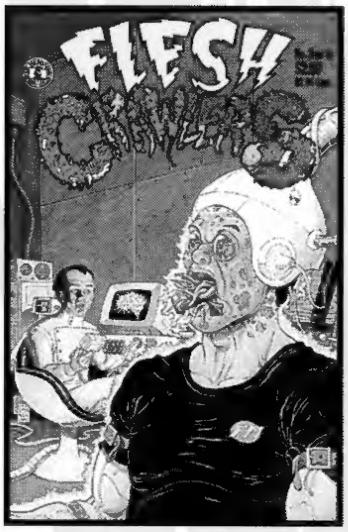


Join Big Baby in a story of summer camp terror by one of the masters of creepy art, Charles Burns!

FLESH CRAWLERS

BY RICH RAINEY AND MICHAEL DUBISCH

A government conspiracy, a religious cult, a man resurrected from the dead, and aliens!!! What more could you want in a comic?!?



Available at finer comic shops everywhere!
For a FREE catalog filled with these and other great books from Kitchen Sink, write Kitchen Sink Press, Inc., 320 Riverside Drive, Northampton, MA 01060.
Fax 413-586-7040. Call 1-800-365-SINK (7465).

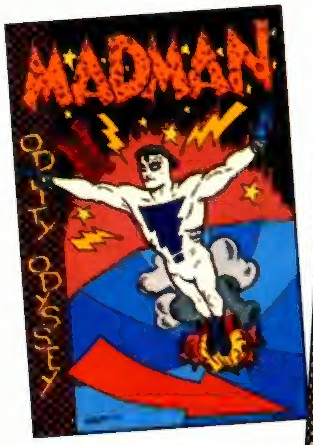
Look for Burns's new comic series, *Black Hole*, soon!

Flesh Crawlers © 1995 Richard Rainey and Michael Dubisch. *Blood Club* © 1990, 1991, 1992 Charles Burns. *Black Hole* © 1995 Charles Burns.

GET THE WHOLE CRAZY STORY!

Michael Allred's

MADMAN



"*Madman* is a fascinating and dreamlike journey through American pop culture."

– Alan Moore

Take a trip through time and space with the coolest hero around...**Madman**!

Get these exciting collections and see what you've been missing!

Madman: The Oddity Odyssey

Collects the award-winning *Madman* three-issue series

144-page, two-color trade paperback

$12.95

The Madman Adventures Collection

Collects *Madman Adventures* #1-3

112-page, full color trade paperback

$14.95

Madman is available in comic shops everywhere, or order directly from Kitchen Sink Press.

Call 1-800-365-SINK (7465).

Madman ™ and © 1994 Michael Allred. All rights reserved.
Kitchen Sink is a registered trademark of Kitchen Sink Press, Inc.